

## THE HUSBAND'S WORST DAY

IT IS WHEN HIS WIFE TAKES HIM  
TO DO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

The experienced New York shopper advises that you go early in the morning to purchase, to avoid the crowds and the mad rush for the bargains at the big department stores, except to buy Christmas gifts. In order to do the least to your satisfaction you must take the busiest part of the day. If the shopper is a wife she should insist upon her husband accompanying her when she goes to pick out something for the children, so that she can get their approval of the value, but his presence will increase her confidence in herself. To be sure she may have decided exactly what she will buy for each, but she has done this with a mental reservation that for various causes she may change her mind. In the first place, she has probably to keep her eye on the clock, and she may find that she must be that she will see something that she likes best.

GOING HOME FROM SHOPPING.

ter, and, lastly, if her husband fully agrees with her, it will be good cause to change her mind.

The husband, if he is wise, puts off the evil day as long as possible, calculating that by so making the limited time will compel his wife to make her purchases promptly. Women shop as a sport, as they do men visit their favorite stores. One is best for ribbons, another for silks, and soon. A man rarely shops, but when he does he goes, as a rule, to the most convenient place. If he had his way, he would be satisfied with the first big store he came to. Not so with the wife. She must visit all the stores, and all the argument he can bring forward will not convince her that holiday goods differ little in variety or price. She has started out to visit them all, and do it she will. If he is politic he will quietly assent, trusting that she will tire of it before they have made the rounds.

A careful business man before undertaking the purchase of any great number of articles

**THE SARAGHIN COUNTRY.**

would make out a memorandum of them, never trusting his memory to keep track of them. The woman has no such need. There are the five children, she says, the two servants, and her mother in the house, half a dozen nieces and nephews out of town, three children of the woman who comes in to do day's work, the woman, her husband's youngest brother, and her husband, and twice her fingers and thumbs twice over to make the tally, and once in a while she gets herself mixed in, and that makes twenty-one.

A man with a wife and five children generally is experienced, and when the plunge is made at the first store he begins to save himself. He is no longer the leader, and for a time all things in life is kept before his sight, holding himself in reserve. The serious duty of the hour has now commenced for the wife. She is in a jam with



THE WAY SOME WOMEN GO SHOPPING.

hundreds of others of her sex examining and pricing. She had fully made up her mind as to the toys she should buy. Here they are—the toys—but the horrid doubt has arisen that the same things may be better at the next store, and, if not better, possibly cheaper. She recollects that last year she paid 25 cents for a box of paints and that her sister bought the same at a




WON'T TRUST TO DELIVERY WAGON.  
goods on the third floor. She thinks it would be  
a pity to miss the opportunity, and her husband.

Fortunately for both they have begun shopping up town, and the big stores are not so disappointed in going from one to another. With the smaller children taken care of the work will be easier, the wife says, so the day department is enough in the heat (and the store is used to that). She is not so sure about the boys, but she determines to take a risk and make some purchases, besides she notices a placard calling attention to the reduced prices on some very large bags.

THE PALO ALTO SYSTEM.

thought occurs that it might be broken in transit, which would be a shame. Of course her husband can carry it, she declares, for it is her money, and she has no other in hand.

**The Progressive Ideas Which Sent Out So Many Record Holders—Charles Marshall Was Slow to Be Converted, but Once He Saw the System in Operation He Became an Enthusiast—The Trotting Hindrances Now Escorted and Used**



Probably no form of outdoor sport has grown more rapidly in public favor in the last four years than harness racing, and, except in the two greater cities of the continent and a few minor points, it may fairly be said to have a firmer hold on the general public than any other sport. With the rapid extension of the business of breeding and racing harness horses, improvement has been equally rapid in every department connected with the industry, and in none more than in that of training.

Of course the general system of training both thoroughbred and trotting racers in the last decade has differed materially from that of a generation ago; but in the last few years the changes and modifications in the methods pursued by the most successful trotting trainers have been especially marked, and this has been due probably more to the influence of what is known as "the Palo Alto system" than

of fatigue, and although he latches his part of the task he cannot help admiring her indefatigable energy. Then the crowd hatches on him and his bundle receives the crush. Trouble is falling up thick and fast. His wife without ceremony and insists that he must carry her purchases, that is, part of them, and she will take the rest. The rest is a small doll.

The afternoon is more than half gone when the energy of the woman seems to fail. Her husband suggests that they shall stop for the day. For a moment she falters; then the temptation is scorned. She will take a glass of ice

Almost every year from 1860 to 1894 Palo Alto has "sprung" some new sensation on the trotting world. Its list of champions, from Hilda Ross, its first yearling record holder, to Adbell, 2:23, as a yearling to-day, is one that no other stable could match. In the month of June, in that time Palo Alto has produced four yearling world's record holders, four two-year-old world's record holders, three three-year-old world's record holders, four four-year-old world's record holders, one "queen of the turf," and one stallion champion, not to speak of many phenomenal trotters below the championship plane. The system of training that produced Arión, a Sunol, a Palo Alto, if it developed nothing else would naturally interest and influence all progressive trainers and breeders of trotters, and the recent success of Arión with the Prospect Hill trotter has awakened interest in the system he did so much to mould.

This, properly called the Palo Alto "system," differs radically from the established methods of the old-time trainers in the best of particu-

lark.

(1) In training at short "hitches," instead of driving repeated full miles at slower rates.

(2) The invention and adoption of the miniature training track for young trotters.

The story of the evolution of the system that has done so much in the way of producing phenomenal speed in harness is worth telling. The late Senator Leland Stanford was a man of marked originality of thought and of dogged and courageous persistency in whatsoever he undertook; but, not even in his part in building the first transcontinental railroad nor in any of the other enterprises that in the aggregate threw together one of the greatest forces even of the golden State and age, did he exhibit these characteristics in a higher degree than in his connection with the horse industry. As to the systems of breeding and training best devised to bring the trotting horse to the highest point of development. As a breeder he believed in the liberal use of the blood of the thoroughbred in the breeding of trotters. He practised the theory more successfully than had any before him; but it was in his theories of training that Senator Stanford made the most daring, successful, and interesting departure.

and with the result that she cannot find what she wants. But the prices are so cheap that she always, overlooking the fact that the paper, print, and binding are sold dear at any price.

The husband has had ample opportunity during these hours of waiting to observe how others do it. He has seen his wife shop for a man's suit. He notices that there are fifty women to one man; that the man alone quite outpaces his mind, and usually seems to know what he wants. The man is always unannounced to such surroundings in modest attire, and he is usually the only male in the store. He is usually, with the result that he is immediately



for fast trotting speed first began.

Like Mr. Bonner, Senator Stanford had the inherent love of the horse, that accompanied by what has been loosely called "an eye for form," the instinctive appreciation of individuality that makes "make" horses. It was Mr. Bonner again, it was not until reasonably late in life that he began to give serious attention to the pursuit that was his chief pleasure. But in less than ten years from its real foundation, the 11,000-acre ranch in the Santa Clara Valley was the most famous as it certainly was the most extensive horse-breeding establishment in America. It more than once held all the records for young trotters up to four years old; and it is but natural that the system of training that brought such results should widely interest horsemen, and leave its impress upon the method of educating young horses to trot and condition them to sustain form.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Palo Alto system was the result of a sudden inspiration. It was, it is true, even at the beginning a positive invention, but the system under which Stand and Aron were bred to world-beating form was one evolved gradually from the care and experience of the

**BUYING SCANDALS.**—The women shoppers used up by the employees. The women shoppers treat him as if he had no feelings there; they crowd him and push him and shove him, and he is long-suffering and meek. At a twisted one of the corners he is being pushed and shoved back. He acts as if he believed himself a sack sheep. His manner is full of apology. He is different again by some of his workmen folk, and he is not so much of a sufferer.

The women shoppers when on their native soil, and in the city of the world, are not standing in a crowded street car. They pick up and throw down, and they are not in a "Hands off, please" and they are free, and assume an air of proprietorship which is dumbly and ignorantly and ignorantly and ignorantly compared, except the the regular customer, to a free lunch the day before Thanksgiving. She asks the elevator if she has the same shopper. She asks the elevator if she is going down when she sees it moving up. She sometimes by accidental descent. Over twenty years ago an obscure horse in California was called Governor. The horse was called Governor—Stanford paid a high price for him. The horse was called Governor—Stanford were the pretensions of "the dark horse" that his first race was against the then Queen of the racing, but in 1874 he lowered the world's record to 2:08, and thus, in his first purchase, upon this horse his history of training was fastened. In 1878 the trotting department at Palo Alto was called Governor—Stanford decided to engage a trainer selected Charles Marvin, who had already earned a great reputation as a trainer of horses, and it was which horse he had not only captured the stallion record, but had vanquished the almost invincible record of the horse called Governor. He explained to his trainer his theory and instructed him to train Governor and the also fast Al-



horses mile after mile in a stalling way. Mr. Stanford did not know in advance that the horse was so slow, and he was determined the better way to develop a high rate of speed was to drive the horse at short, sharp dashes or lurches, never over a quarter of a mile, nearly up to his limit, and never to work him enough to fade, tire, or discourage him. Speed was the thing most necessary to a racing horse, and Mr. Stanford contented that the rational way was to educate the horse first to speed, and then to condition him to sustain his speed through a race.

The trainer stood back to follow instructions, with many misgivings, and it is not strange that the new, less seasoned way, in which the horse, brought at first only failure at a discouragement, and Mr. Marx in was often obliged to return to the old-fashioned way, but "The Old Error" faith "Knee was variable, not shadow of turning. He saw that to carry his plan successfully, trainers as well as horses must be educated in the new plan, and he started upon new research in his system. "The Old Error" faith "Knee was variable, not shadow of turning. He saw that to carry his plan successfully, trainers as well as horses must be educated in the new plan, and he started upon new research in his system. "The Old Error" faith "Knee was variable, not shadow of turning. He saw that to carry his plan successfully, trainers as well as horses must be educated in the new plan, and he started upon new research in his system.

ing. "DO NOT PAY ME PROPER ATTENTION, HIR!" he would yell. Ten in the car, they all try for one place, and that the one nearest the door. If two cars are in the elevator, and the elevator man tells her which goes first, she chooses the other, because fewer passengers are in it. The elevator man says that it will be filled before it starts.

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from the outside, and was supported by posts  
bolting sharply inward, that the colt could

his legs. In this little course the footing was always kept very soft and safe; and the turns were very sharply thrown up on the outside, the tracks being full, four inches to the foot, and

As a specimen of Northwestern Oratory, **Mr. Clark Made the Members Laugh, Sometimes With and Sometimes At the Speaker.**

*From the Courier-Journal.*

Champ Clark, the eloquent Kentuckian who represents the 10th Congressional District, has been speaking upon the history of his native State for the principal part of his characteristic speech on "The Obscure Heroes of the Border," delivered in the House a few days ago. The speech was made with the avowed purpose of killing the bill for the creation of a retired list in the revenue marine service, but it was much more entertaining than the usual dull talk against time. Mr. Clark was born and reared near Lawrenceburg, Ky., and his address is 1001 Third St., in that town. As a schoolboy he had a few of the adventures related in his address. He said he got:

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**THIRTY-THREE SNAKES IN ONE.**

**South African Tangle Involves Many Fuzzing Speculations.**

Every one is familiar with the little trick contrivances, originally of Japanese construction, which consist in a series of boxes, one inside the other, until after opening box after box, each must find a clue to the thing that is sought. The one familiar is the April fool postage constructed in the same principle, where the victim receives a large express parcel, and after paying the charges unwinds wrapping after wrapping, and opens box after box, only to find nothing but a stack of paper in the centre. From South Africa a cable has been received that the London Times contained somewhat in this same line. On Arthur E. Viney, in a letter to London Times, comes for the story.

"I want to tell you how Morgan traded horses. They say that you can tell where Morgan marched through Ohio and Indiana, yet by the way, I don't know where he went. He took the good Kentucky horses and rode them, you know, until they got stove up, and then he swapped horses. He would come across a man and a Kentucky horse and say, 'I want that good horse, and I want it.' If the man would say, 'I am a nice man,' he would say, 'Well, I will take that horse and I will give you \$100.' The man would say, 'I am a rebel,' he would say, 'You ought to contribute the horse to the cause of good horses, and I will give you \$100.' Anyhow, he took the horse. [Laughter.]

"Obscure horses." Mr. Chairman, I want to tell you that I have seen a lot of horses. If the men who served on the Federal side, who came from the border States during the war, had been asked to tell the result of the war, the war would have been different. Take the

near where Mr. Vineyard at Corea, Cape Colony, there is an ostrich farm run by a Mr. Malberry. One day Mr. Malberry, while out on his usual open range, saw a small, black snake very stiff and difficult to catch, but this particular reptile moved sluggishly away when the ostrich farmer approached. It was an easy matter for Mr. Malberry to kill the reptile with a stick which he carried. Then he noticed that the snake was yellow, and he was surprised to find out that it was what was to be expected, from its size. He took it home and there cut it open. Inside was a yellow snake almost as large as the black snake. The yellow snake faced the black snake's tail. This was a surprise, but more was to follow.

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**BODY AND MORALS TESTED**

to a silk handkerchief at the end of it, and shove it clean through his body in the track of the ball. Then he put knots on each end, and got on one of Alexander's thoroughbred stall-

I said that Harlan's regiment was made up of a different class of people. It was a class of men who had a different conclusion that the war meant something more who went in to fight. They went in deliberately to stay their whole lives. They served with George, I think, for 20 years. I think that's right.

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The talking-party under consideration is the one most frequently attacked by a well-known insurance company. The company says that it would take up too much space to go into detail. The questions asked of an applicant for insurance are in a general way alike in all, although perhaps not in the same order. The first asked in the company referred to are as to the applicant's age, race, and nationality, and whether he is married or single. On the age depends the rate of premium, a middle-aged person having, of course, to pay more than a young man. The applicant, or subject as he is termed, must also state whether he is engaged in a business, occupation, or profession, and whether he is insured in that or any other company, for what amount, and if any application for insurance has ever been rejected or modified. As to this last, he must answer in detail. He must then give his present occupation and any other he may have had. The next question is:

The two Arkansas rivers run together, like you see after the grass-shippers had eaten the State up—everybody thought the grass-shippers were coming again. I left the State to keep it of them. I went to the University at Lexington, Kentucky; and that is the way I got out of the State.

"The next day Mr. Clark incidentally referred to Jerry Simpson and praised his earnestness in the cause of the Republic. A number of us heard Jerry say a better poster policy until he died," and the speaker continued:

"I was sitting down one day while he is living. There is an old dictum, 'say nothing about a dead man except what is good.' That is the motto of the grave-diggers. It makes no difference what you say about a dead man; he is dead, and you can't make him any dweller. So if you are going to say anything in this form, 'Say nothing about a live man except what is good.'

"That Major-General that I ever saw—one of the handsomest men that ever lived—was David H. Bonassar. God bless his memory! He was from the county of Lincoln, where every county in Kentucky—men who were de-

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**DRAWBACKS OF A BLACK EYE.**

*It Inspires Humor and Brings Misery Upon Its Owner.*

Unfortunate, indeed, is the lot of the young man with a black eye. In addition to the fact that it is black and will prevent his appearance in a respectable society for a time are the many and varied troubles which will follow it. The serious who want to know how he got it. There has to stand no end of bantering, insulting smiles, hypocritical sympathy, and the stares of men, women, and children wherever he goes. The young man in this case got his black eye in the manner in which the general public believes 600 out of 1,000 black eyes are received. He was struck straight out from the shoulder. The time he received it there was no means of relief at hand, and he was in no condition to seek it.

"I use in astronomy for it. So he went home and contented himself with applying heated stones to the back of the neck. He had a boarding house, and when he went down to breakfast in the morning he wore a handkerchief over his eyes, and a black cap to conceal the black eye. This did not prevent the neighbors from inquiring in question."

"The young man, flushed crimson, and as he asked around for the grinning crowd, said that he had been hit by a stone, and was a little hurt."

"I don't know whether it's black or red," he said, "but I'm sure it's a little hurt. I was out in the street, in the late night, and in the darkness stumbled against the last rock. I didn't like to get anybody up, and just put some hot water on it."

"Why didn't you hit the bat back first?" asked the crowd.

"I tried to, but —"

"The scoundrel got the drop on you," put in the crowd.

"Well, he did, but —"

"I suppose he got a pair of 'em, eh?" asked the crowd.

"I suppose he got a dozen or so," he follows."

"Whipped the young man," and have a run-

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